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Four Great and Horrible

MVRDERS,

OR,

Bloody Nevvs

FROM

ISLINGTON.

Being a Full and True Relation how a Womans Brains were knockt out with her own Pattin, Rob'd, and her Throat Cut, on *Fryday* the 5*th* of *February* Instant. A Man beaten to Death the 8*th* of the same Month. And a Woman Drowned her self in a Pond at *Islington*.

Likewise a Maid Barbarously Murdred at *Chester* by two Villains that would have intic'd Her to Leudness, for which they were Condemned at the Sessions there held the 23. of *January* last, and Hanged, with their Confession at the place of Execution.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1674.

Four Great and Horrible MURTHERS:

OR,

Bloody News from *Islington*.

TIs an approved Maxime amongst Divines, *That the Custome of sinning, takes away the sence of it*; which we may too truely apply to the particular Sin of Murther, in this our barbarous Age, which is become so frequent and common, that tis scarce reguarded or laid to heart by any but those immediately Concernd in it; 'tis strange that that which is the most Crying and inhumane crime in the world, should find such ready Entertainment, that persons should be so given up to work wickednes, as to deface the image of their Creator, and violate all Laws Divine, Moral, and Civil, by dipping their barbarous hands in the blood of their brethren, we need not now search ancient Records, not turn over Forraign Hystories, since every day almost, supplies us at home, with fresh stories of

dismal Tragedies, and one Parish, in one weeks time is stain'd with no less than three horrible Murthers Committed severrally and in different manners.

The first was of an innocent Countrywoman, whose name and habitation is as yet unknown, she was travelling towards *London*, and was seen in the Evening coming along the further part of the Town of *Islington*, in Company with two men, one of them carrying her pattins for her, A Foot-boy going accidentally near behind them, over-heard one of the men, ask her whether she was not afraid to go in the Evenning, and whether she knew the way well, to which she replyed Innocently, that she was not at all afraid, as long as she had good company, and that if she weare alone she knew the way pretty well; for she had travelled it several times before, whereupon the man told her, he would shew her a way that was both cleaner and much nearer, this discourse the aforesaid Boy heard, and has since testified, and further remembers not, but 'tis most Consentaneous to Reason, to suppose that the poor woman was inveigled with these pretences of a better way, by these Villains out of the Road, into a place more fit for their hellish purpose, for the next morning she was found, lying dead by the Gravel-pits in *Islington*, with her Throat cut, and a great Fracture in her Skull, even to the Brain, 'tis thought as they came together, these unknown Assassinates might understand by some meanes, that she had money about her, and therefore having got her to

this

this place, he that carried her Pattins, might with one of them strike her on the head, and give her that wound on the *Pericranium*, for the blow by the hurt seem'd to be made by some such thing, and was undoubtedly Struck with a good will, for her hat was cut through with it, and that she was Robbed, is apparent, for three farthings were found dropt upon the brim of her hat, which 'tis very probably they let fall whilst they were Rifling her in the dark, the person Murthred was a handsome Country woman, as tis guest about Thirty yeares old, she had on a stuff Vest, and Petticoat, a green Apron, and Lutestring Hood, and when she was laid forth by women, a Gold-ring, was found in her shoe, she has bin seen and Cryed at *Barnet*, but no body knew her, or would own her, we wish this account of her mishapy Murther may reach the Ears of her Relations, where ever they live, that they may know how she came to her End, the Bloody Murtherers are escaped under the Covert of the Night, yet doubtless divine vengeance will in due time bring them to light, that they may suffer according to their demerits.

The next Tragedy is that of a poor honest Labouring man, that lived in *Islington*, neare the Nags head, the manner was thus, on Munday last being the Eighth of this instant *February*, he and one that usually workt with him as his Partner, went industriously to their usual Imploy which was Ditching, and as they were honestly at their work, there came Two persons, that were Brothers, and whether

ther they had any particular quarrel or prepensed malice against these Labourers, or either of them, or whether they were Drunck, and resolv'd to act that Mischeivous trick called about this wicked town a Frollique, I cannot tell, but so it was, that coming neare they began to assault the Ditchers with whole Vallies of Clods of dirt, who finding themselves thus boisterously Attaqu'd, demanded the reason of such Hostillities, but the over furious Assailants were not at leisure to Answer, but gaining ground by nearer approaches, would needs fill up the Ditch the men had been makeing, and to that purpose threw down the Bank upon their heads, which they had before cast out, hereupon hard words did arise, which were followed by harder blowes, for in fine one of the Ditchers was so mortified with beating, that he never spake a word afterwards.

The Third is of a poor Woman in the same Town, or one at least that had for a night or two before her death Lodged there, she had two Children, and was in great want which tis thought was the occasion that she made away her self being drowned in the Pond at *Islington*, 'Tis said that she told her Children when she left them, that if any body inquired for her, they should say she was gon because she wanted Victuals and Mony, so sad a thing it is to dispair, and distrust the all satisfying Providence of God, well may we say to such Repiners, let their Condition be never so mean or necessitous, in the sense of our blessed Savours words, If your heavenly Father provideth for the Sparrows, and cloath the

Lillies

Lillies of the Feild, will he not much more supply you with necessaries, oh ye of little Faith.

Our last scene is laid somewhat more remote, but no less true and altogether as bloody, and in some respects more cruel than any of the former, being very lately transacted near the Citty of *Chester*, where one *Tho. Edwards* and one *John Stevens* of *Warrington* in the County were taken for Murthering one *Jane Made* Servant of their Master Mr. *John Gibson* of *Warrington* aforesaid Haberdasher, the occasion of it was that the Wench being handsom they often had inticed and persuaded her to lewdnesse and dishonesty with them, but she not yeilding thereunto, they invited her to a Tavern the next night after the last Attempt, and were very merry there togeather for some time, and once were a going out of the house the maid being very earnest to be gone home, but with much Intreatie they persuaded her to go in again, and staid above in a Room togeather about half an hower, and then the two men came down stairs and went out, whereupon the people of the house went up and found the maid on the Bed as they thought asleep, but puting her in a Chair to see if she would come to her self Imagining her to be overtaken with drink, they perceived she was dead, and sending for the Constable Searched her, where they found in her left side a Bodkin of Iron that they had Stobd her with, whereupon Wartants were made out, and the two Murderers taken at supper and Committed, and at the Quarter-sessions at *Chester*, held the 23. day of *January* last were arraigned and

Confessing

Confessing the Fact Condemned to be Hanged, at their Execution they acknowledged that one of them stopp'd his mouth with his Handkercher whilst the other shot him as aforesaid, and that they had formerly Caused a their Servant-maid to steal some Plate and sell it and give them the money, for which wicked Act the poor maid was afterwards so much troubled in conscience that she Poison'd her self, the rather for that one of them in Consideration she would Commit that robbery had promised her Marriage, which after he had got the money he refused to make good, they also confest that they had cheated their Master of many a Pounds worth of Goods, and had deserved Hanging before that time.

Thus Reader, hast thou here heard Several sad Examples, wherein Covetousnesse, Revenge dispair and lust all club to beget an horrid Murther, so great an affinity there is between sins, that the Divil seldome sends them abroad alone, let these wretched Presidents be our warning Lessons, that shunning such wicked Crimes, we may avoid such deplorable Ends.

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